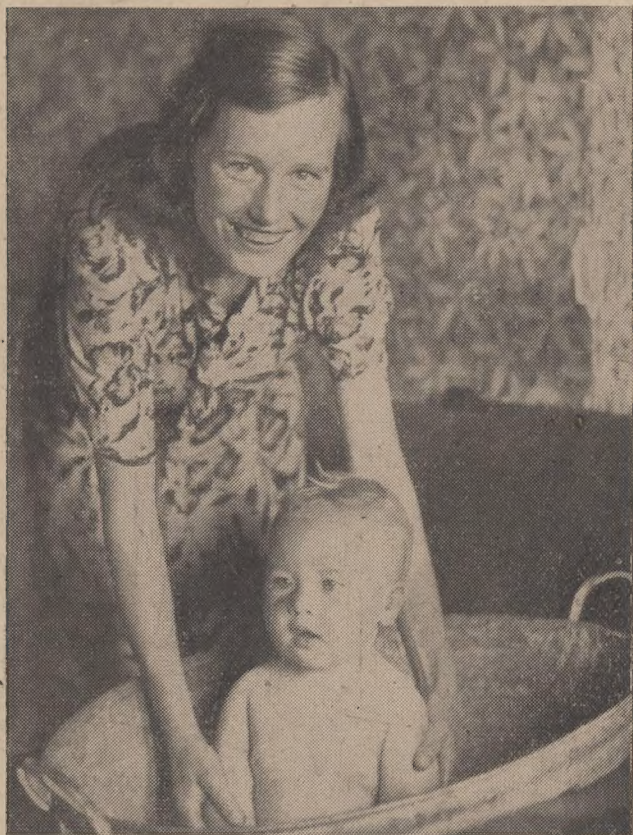


The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## HERE'S KING PIN, P.O. BOB BURNS

HERE'S another "news splash" from the Home Front. It's to tell Petty Officer Bob Burns how his twelve months old son, Leonard John, received the "Order of the Bath."

Jolly little chap, isn't he, Bob? When we called at your home at 2 Hope Cottages, Fontley, Hants, he was enjoying himself immensely, and splashing his bath water all over the place. We thought we were going to have to swim for it!

But you can see that your wife, Doris, is very happy about it all. There's no doubt about Master Leonard being the "king pin" of the family. We should say he rules the house.

And here's the latest details about his progress that we collected from Mrs. Burns: Weight, 27½ lb.; cut six teeth; just started to walk. You should see him get round the chairs—when he isn't crawling all over the house.

We can testify ourselves to the strength of his lungs. My, didn't he give us a shout! Your wife declares he is going to be a traffic policeman when he grows up.

Anyhow, Master Leonard likes a lot of noise. Give him a tin and a spoon, and you would think that the village band is around.

"Tim," the tabby, now gets his ears and tail pulled quite a lot, but good-naturedly puts up with it when he cannot get out of the way in time. Of course, Leonard has his toys, too—almost a farmyard, your wife said.

It's nice to hear him trying to say "Dad" and "Mum" and "Granny" and "Ta," and little words like that, but his favourite expression seems to be "Oh, dear!" Does that strike a chord at all?

Mrs. Burns asks us to let you know, Bob, that your people are all well at Leith. Her own mother, Mrs. Harding, was rather poorly when we were at Fontley, and, of course, she was helping to look after her.

But we got this bright and cheery message for you: "Give him our love, and tell him to keep smiling."

And may your hand never shake when you drink your "neaters."

## Hailing Tel. J. Wright

WE called to get some news and pictures for you, L./Tel. Jervis Wright, at 36 Wilton Road, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, and found your mother at home waiting the arrival of your wife and young Tony.

Tony had been to the Shanklin Gymkhana. About 4,000 people were on the field, and the prizes were presented by the Radio Doctor. Your son must have had a jolly good time, as he looked full of the joy of living when we saw him.

Your wife sends you this message, "Chins up, and keep smiling," and she is looking forward to having a night out at the Marine.

The "Old Gal" had the last word, saying, "Keep cheerful and well, so that we can have a grand binge when you return."

# Tommy Farr—Man who Fought the World

I THINK this, the final article of a very scrappy summary of Tommy Farr's public career, should be called The Man who Fought the World. Because he did.

I have told something of his battles in the ring. Now I'm going to tell you something of the man himself.

I WAS with him recently in his office in Brighton, near the Royal Standard, of which he is the proprietor. I saw him when he stepped off the luxury liner that brought him back from his fight with Louis. That was a time when he felt pretty sore at some journalists and photographers.

Farther back, I was with him when he was climbing up the ladder when he was fighting towards the top.

Maybe he will be as wild at what I am going to write now as he was when men who never knew much about him wrote the most glaring fallacies about him. Maybe he'll want to "knock my block off." Maybe you'd feel the same way in his place. Maybe I would, too.

How would you like, just back from the fiercest fight of your career, just back from the brain-twirling ballyhoo and racket of American boosters and opponents, just back from turmoil and tempest—how would you like your home to be invaded with reporters and cameramen when you arrived, all clamouring for this and that?

That is what met Tommy Farr when he got to Slough from America.

He wanted a family reunion. He wanted to sit down in peace and comfort and talk to his sisters and brothers. It was for them as well as for himself that he fought the world. He had been father and mother to them when they were orphans.

And here was his home filled with strangers camped from the doorstep inward. He felt sore, and he said so. But later he posed for them, and they went.

The price of fame, you say? Aw, cut that out. Listen to what this fighter had had to endure in the preceding months. When he was slated to fight Louis, the American newspapers knew little about him. They made up in fiction what they lacked in facts. One of them called him a "Welsh bum."

He wasn't treated fairly on this side either. I'll let it go at that. Over there in America the British writers of sport didn't bother much about his training camp. They heard rude remarks about British fighters, and they didn't lift a pen to back the British challenger to the extent they might have done. There were one or two British sports writers who annoyed him

intensely; he would have liked to get them into the ring together, or singly. That is how he felt. So would you.

All this had to be carried by Tommy Farr and his trainer, Tom Evans. In that sense he was fighting the world. He has fought it from his youth up.

During this recent war he was approached by all sorts of people to help along. He has gone from place to place, helping, among the troops, civilians, everybody. I question if there is another sportsman who has done nearly as much.

Being Welsh, he is passionately attached to his family. Being Welsh, he resents unfair treatment. He wants frankness. He hates snobs and social aspirants. He knows them. I've been told he is very obstinate. Well, if he is, it is because he would have been flayed alive otherwise. Being a boxer, he is not used to taking kicks and not giving one or two back.

But when he is with his sisters and his relatives, you can hear the



Fitness and determination took Farr over many obstacles.

books who sat in his training camp in America and put their feet on his table, and drank all the beer and wine in the place, and then said "funny" things about him.

of ear trouble and a weak right eye, the result of the fight with Louis.

He wanted to be an air-gunner or observer, instead of a physical drill instructor, and the medical test worried him. Why should he be expected to further impair either his eye or ear by boxing because somebody who doesn't know the facts tries to be smart?

I hold no brief of any kind for Tommy Farr. He doesn't need any publicity from me, nor white-washing either.

But I think that when the man who took the hardest punches the hardest hitter in the world could hand out; when the man who took these punches fought his way up to get them; when he kept fighting at a time that all the "critics" didn't give him much space until he knocked the stuffing out of Max Baer—well, I think it pretty mean to keep nagging.

They took away his British and Empire titles when he was in America.

For a time it was his opponents who were "not up to standard"—if he beat a big one.

If he laid off he was written to, taunted that he was expected to be a fighter. He has had such letters—from stupid and unsporting "sportsmen." It is pretty raw, isn't it?

Perhaps Tommy Farr doesn't worry now about all this. Anyway, you have to hand it to him that he fought his battles up to the very top, and it has been my job to tell you about the main ones.

I hope after this you have some notion of what it took for a man to do that in face of every obstacle, and to come through. I think I'll risk going down to say "hello" to him again even if I'm no Black Bomber.

## LARRY MARKS

all sports writer concludes his account of Tommy Farr's climb to fame with a personal sketch of the fighter as he is to-day

tender Welsh accents tripping over each other. He is an uncle. Little (as he then was), Aneurin was always given the last word on the transatlantic telephone.

Even if he has made up his mind against something you have tried to persuade him to do, or say, you can rely on it that he is still open to reason. He will give you a clean break, as he expects to get one; and if you find that he was right, and say so, you can expect a generous comeback. That is the Welsh in him again. His friends know he is staunch.

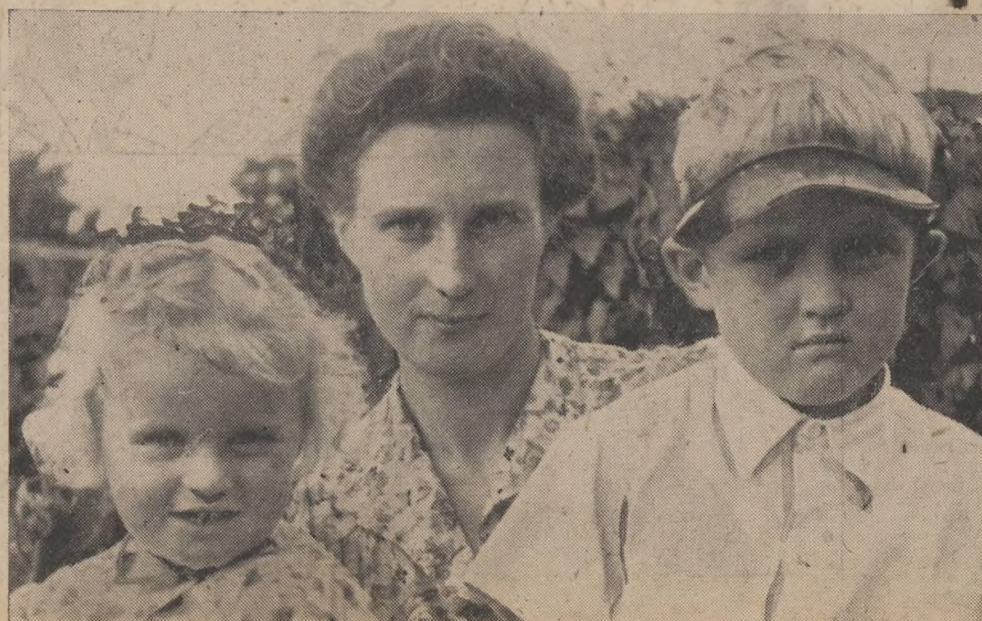
His sense of humour is pretty keen, and if it hadn't been, he would have made lots more enemies, especially over in America.


It takes some sense of humour to look back and smile at the

He had a great time in U.S.A. after the fight, but his sense of hurt was deep at what he had to endure from another angle. I daresay it is the deep Welsh humanity in him that makes him feel so keenly.

But, after all, there is no denying the fact that he was a lone man over there upholding England's honour, and prestige. To hear him give his own version of many scenes is to hear a man who digs right at the core of incidents, because they are landmarks in his life.

I can give you an instance of unnecessarily unfair treatment of Farr. Somebody wrote sarcastically at the beginning of the war that he should fight for the benefit of the Red Cross. The plain fact was that Tommy Farr was discharged from the R.A.F. on account





Our address still is :  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# THE CHEQUE HE COULDN'T CASH

"ALL right," agreed Red, pañonway and mounted swiftly and under the lower berth was the handy gunny-bag of his one-shouldn't have been so mean. It was Red's first lapse into anything resembling honesty and hadn't told me. He's a nice boy, young Winter. He's given me a fine get-away, and nobody can touch me for this Trinidad ruby business. Yes, honesty's the best policy. My first trial of it has worked out good. His cocoa was ready by this time, and he filled a can with the brew and sat smacking his lips over its taste. There was no need

"There's no time like the present. Let us go down to the beach. You can row me out as if you were a boatman. I'll see to the rest."

He rose and twirled his cane lightly in his hand. Red followed him and they perfected their plans as they went down the gully towards the beach.

Billy Winter had evidently thought out the idea very thoroughly, for he had all objections answered as soon as Red made them. It was an easy matter to hire a boat, and in a few minutes they were afloat.

Flannel rowed steadily out towards the little steamer and Winter steered. He brought the boat alongside easily after dodging behind several craft, and then he jumped to the swinging com-

That was the signal for him to act. Winter had secured Bert Stubbins, and was taking him forward towards the bows. Up the companionway sped Red Flannel. He saw the back of the young man on the fore-castle, and by his side was Bert Stubbins, the double-crosser, who had tried to get away with the ruby for himself.

Red dived down the saloon doorway and ran along to the purser's office. "Say, son, tell me which berth is allotted to Stubbins. He's a pal of mine and I gotta see him—" "Berth 79, inside room on the right. You'd better hurry, my man, for only passengers will be allowed on board shortly. Friends are due off in half an hour."

Red felt a thrill of joy. Along the alleyway he sped and into the cabin. It was a two-berth room,

How he knew that gunny-bag, and how the sight of it sent a wave of anger through him! To think that Stubbins had tried to get away with the loot and leave him on a lee shore to face the authorities!

## End of "The Shrinking of Red Flannel"

It took Red less than five minutes to go through the bag. The ruby case was not there. He shoved his hand under the pillow. Again he drew blank.

The lifebelt was stowed behind the pillow, and he drew it out. Along the top of one of the squares of cork the canvas had been slit open. Red tore at the canvas and uttered a yelp of triumph.

The square of cork had been removed and in its place was a small leather case—the case containing the ruby. His trembling fingers pushed the spring.

The lid flew open. Yes, there was the ruby reposing in its bed of cotton-wool.

He pushed the case into his pocket and kicked the jumble of goods under the berth, then glided out of the cabin and along the alley-way.

"A supreme sense of satisfaction pervaded his being. He had been and maybe I'll get a ship for England to 'slip one over' on the land. The Spanish Main's a rough perfidious Bert.

"Young Winter is right," he muttered; "honesty is the goods a belaying-pin I'll know that he's this trip. And this is my first been caught and is doing time.

"Serves him right, the greedy cuss. I waited here for a week for him, and he'd have been away with the ruby if young Winter hadn't told me.

He's a nice boy, young Winter. He's given me a fine get-away, and nobody can touch me for this

Trinidad ruby business. Yes, honesty's the best policy. My first trial of it has worked out good.

His cocoa was ready by this time, and he filled a can with the brew and sat smacking his lips over its taste. There was no need

for him to hurry away from Barbados now. Winter had made it possible for him to remain and be able to take a room in an hotel up town.

A flash of white through the trees made him peer down the gully. Young Winter was sauntering up, his cane stabbing the ground as he came along thoughtfully.

He greeted Red gladly.

"I was waiting for your whistle, and it was a relief to hear it. I held Stubbins in conversation, didn't I? You got it, I suppose?"

"Here it is, Mister Winter. What about that thousand dollar bill?"

(Continued on page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. What is the other common name for the game of draughts?

2. How many hanks are there in a spindle of linen?

3. A "red giant" is a kind of star. Red Indian seven feet high, outsize red-haired man, character in "Jack and the Bean-stalk"?

4. Who discovered radium, and when?

5. Is a centipede more closely related to a worm or a spider?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Not out, Leg bye, Mid-off, Hit wicket, No ball.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 782

1. Backgammon.

2. 39.14 inches.

3. Kind of star.

4. Henri Becquerel, 1896.

5. Deer.

6. Off-side is a football term; others refer to cricket.



Know what  
You're up  
against!  
says  
JACK GREENALL

### THE BEETLE.

THE Beetle is a member of the Coleoptera family. This family is best left alone. We could get along better without the whole lot.

Take the Tiger Beetle, his jaws are like a sickle; his eyes can see in all directions, and he has a powerful niff.

Other insects pull the ground over 'em when the Tiger Beetle moves in.

The Water Beetle has legs like flattened oars, and swims beneath the surface. I should think so, the kind of face he's got.

When his supply of air conks out, up goes the ends of his elytra above the water; he then carries on again where he left off. It would suit me fine if he kept the ends of his elytra well under water the whole time, there are far too many Water Beetles as it is!

The Cocktail Beetle curls up his abdomen when ratty and lets fly a foul odour. He hangs out in drains and dead animal matter, and his love life is about what you'd expect.

His bite is poisonous, and his elytra has a grey, dirty look. Want to make something of that?

The Burrowing Beetle comes as an undertaker, interring all and sundry. If you're not feeling your true self, steer clear of the Burrowing Beetle.

The Stag Beetle gives a nasty bite, and take it from me his heart's always in his work. He lives on liquid food. Seems to me my Uncle William (Boozey Bill to his pals) can claim to be a Stag Beetle.

If when lifting a flat stone a volley of short pops follow, together with puffs of acrid smoke, don't think Old Nick's surfaced for a breather! It's only the Bombardier Beetle defending his perimeter.

Policeman: "You should have stopped at the lights."

Motorist: "Never take any notice of those things."

Policeman: "And this licence is out of date, and so is this insurance."

Motorist: "Never bother about them."

Motorist's Wife (helpfully): "Don't worry about him, officer. He's like that when he's had one over the eight."

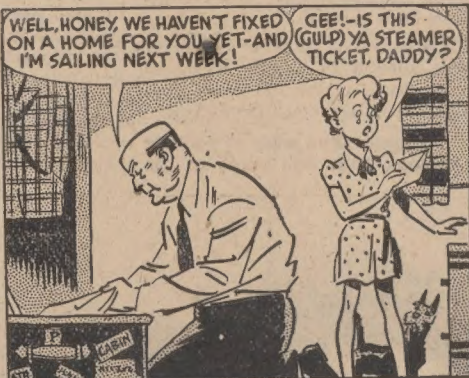
### BEELZEBUB JONES



D.241.



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





## Wangling Words No. 721

1. Behead a double wink and get a connector.
2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of: eaceroblemserlexoliticians.
3. What sort of a craze can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The — stole the — from the poulterer's shop.

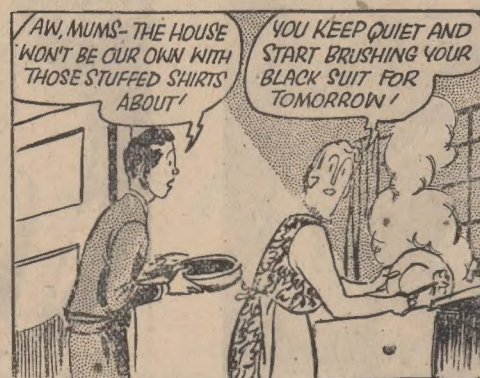
## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 720

1. S-tripe.
2. Draw a detailed diagram to-day.
3. THINK.
4. Grim ring.

## JANE



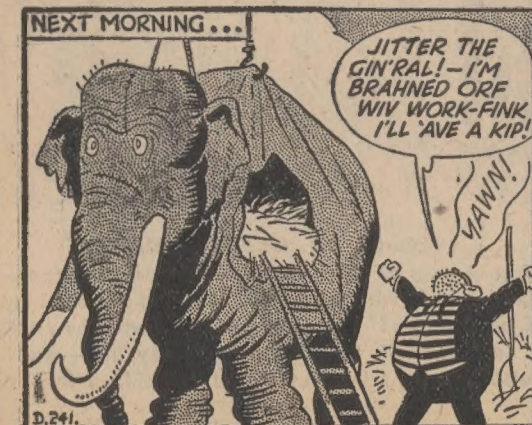
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



## Two of a Kind

NICK TRIFONIDIS, lion tamer, has shown one of his beasts who's master—after a bit of rebellion. Countless times he had performed his favourite trick of feeding a lion out of his mouth.

But at Birmingham recently the lion turned on him and savaged him. He went to hospital to have stitches in his arm.

To the lion's amazement (and to Nick's credit) he turned up at the next performance and went through the same trick.

Not so lucky was Monsieur Francois Charrel, of Nantes. He had the idea of putting his arm through the cage of a circus lion and pulling its whiskers.

The lion didn't lose a hair, but Monsieur Francois lost his arm.

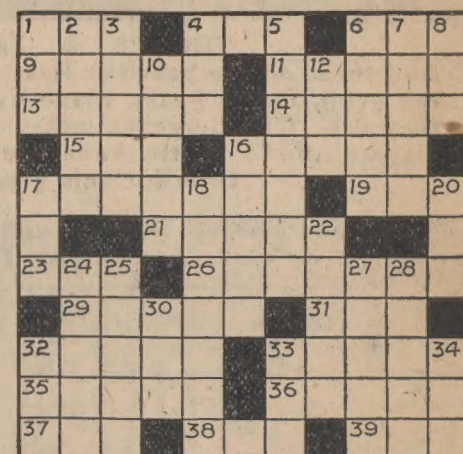
D. N. K. B.



"Lately I've been having extremely restless nights."

## CROSS-WORD CORNER

I MAGPIES A  
SCAN INFLOW  
LARIAT FIVE  
EVIL COATED  
TEN CHIC R  
S EAR LET S  
P VATS RAP  
CINEMA BABE  
OPEN POODLE  
ASSUME NEED  
L TERRIER Y



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Hiatus. 4 Dog. 6 Tree. 9 Brown pigment. 11 Over. 13 Bulb. 14 Rich wine. 15 Dress. 16 Diverse. 17 South American. 19 Meadow. 21 Fruit. 23 Fish. 26 Fragrant. 29 Merriment. 31 Own Scotch. 32 With a twang. 33 Less. 35 Condensed oxygen. 36 Excessively. 37 Scotch mountain. 38 Droop. 39 Stitch.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Secured. 2 Sharp. 3 Garden plant. 4 Vigour. 5 Afternoon show. 6 Rustic. 7 Dodge. 8 Surrey river. 10 Stiff. 12 Spar. 16 Game. 17 Sludge. 18 Chess men. 20 Plus. 22 Mollusc. 24 Astonish. 25 Wild ox. 27 Colours. 28 Accustom. 30 Doubled. 32 Slang head. 33 Fool. 34 Noticed.



# Good Morning



**ARLINGTON ROW.**  
A perfect name for the perfect "little home in the country." Mirrored in the placid stream, old-world houses stand serene and inviting in peaceful Bilbury, one of Gloucestershire's loveliest villages.



## THREE'S A FAMILY.

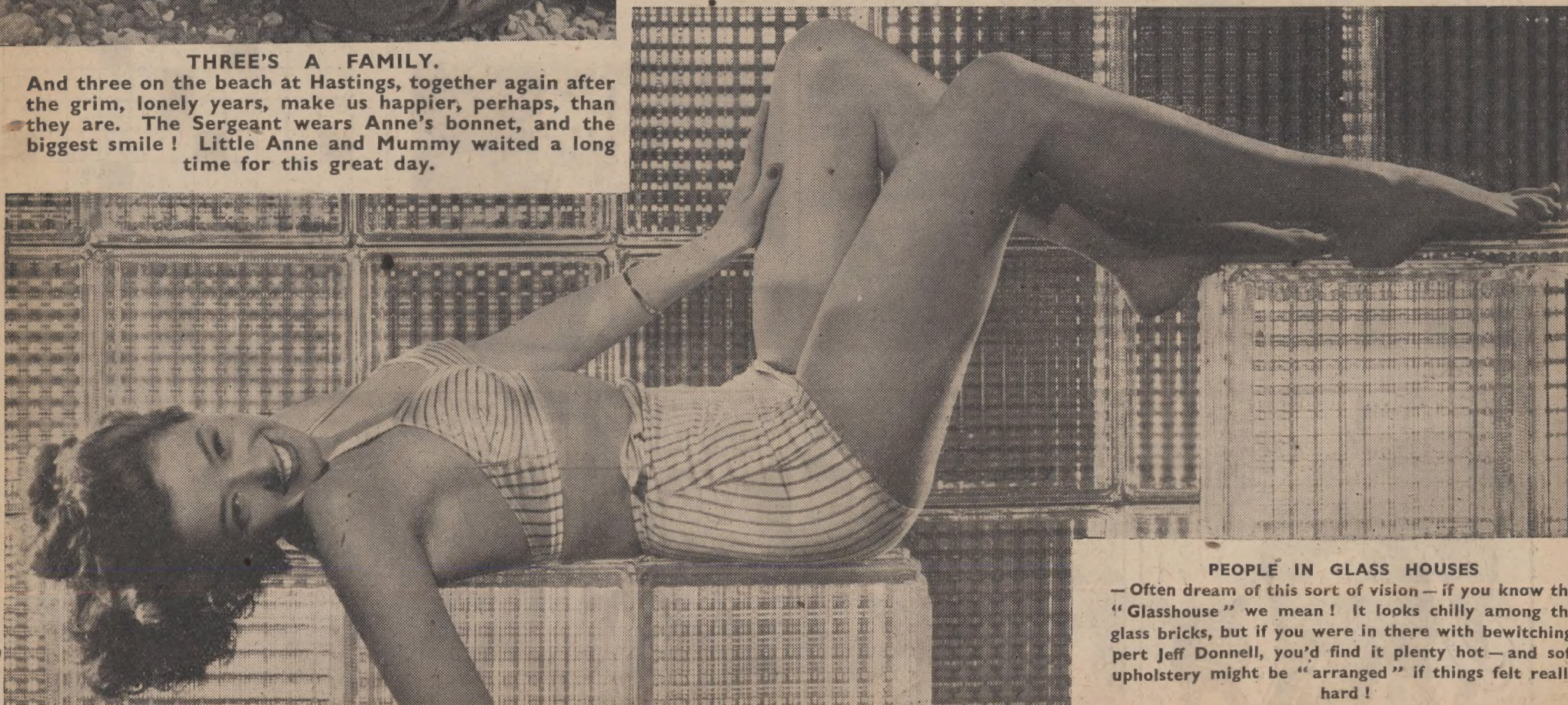
And three on the beach at Hastings, together again after the grim, lonely years, make us happier, perhaps, than they are. The Sergeant wears Anne's bonnet, and the biggest smile! Little Anne and Mummy waited a long time for this great day.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



## OUTSTANDING BEAUTY.

Curvacious, come-and-catch-me Maria Montez is not such a forward girl as you might hope. Her experiences in the magical movie, "Arabian Nights" convinced her that day-work is safest—but, of course, for a special occasion. . . .



## PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES

—Often dream of this sort of vision—if you know the "Glasshouse" we mean! It looks chilly among the glass bricks, but if you were in there with bewitching, pert Jeff Donnell, you'd find it plenty hot—and soft upholstery might be "arranged" if things felt really hard!